

A COPY OF VERSES

PRESENTED

to all my Worthy Masters and Mistrisses,

In the Parish of St. Mary Newington-Buts, in Southwark.

By WILLIAM MAJOR, Bell-man.

The PROLOGUE.

Leaving all Paths by me before times trod,
I now resolve to take another rode;
That Muse, that lately Womens Vertues prais'd,
And to their Honours lasting Trophies rais'd.

Must leave her own dear Sex and Court the men,
That they and I may once be Friends again;
For should we not do this I dare to swear,
I must not Ring my Bell another year.

Of Men in General.
In his Makers Image, and the Crown
all the Works which in six days were done,
man the Monarch of the Universe,
into Dame Nature and would peirce
in it self, had he but power to do,
his immense desires would prompt him to;
write, to man these Lines I give
such to Gain, by such to Live.

Their Vertues.
An an Impious Creature or a Rude
formed Lump, devoyd of Fortitude,
Love, Justice, given to all Vice,
Contention, Avarice,
on beat Hemp, as sing their praise
Adorn their Heads with Bayes.
by good Embrace, avoyd all Ill,
Commend them, and I will.

A Prudent man.
thou ballast of mankind, O how
directed by thee here below!
indued, man takes Lofly flight,
Eagle soars quite out of sight,
his coming, and prevents what's Ill
Measures with such curious Skill,
all others are compell'd to fall
his Ground, and hath no harm at all.

On a Learned man.
piece of grave Impertinence,
stor'd with all, but Reason, Wit, and Sense,
is fit for nought at most,
to make a Whipping-Post.
ingenuous Spark, (whose Learning known)
call the Universe his own;
edge, while humble Supplicants greet
their Praises, prostrate at his Feet.

On a Pious man.
ly Prudence, humane Learning wee
quire without true piety;
omplishments, like Morning dew,
Vanish, and forsake us too.
that spark of Heavenly Fire,
our Souls up to the Clouds aspire,
to Earth, we once have farewell given
ows us with the Joys of Heaven.

On a Valiant man.
those undanted Courage nothing fears,
ft Valiant are when Danger most appears,
nger calls, and Honour leads the way,
they follow, and with Pride Obey;
as thick as Dust, come rallying on
brag what Noble acts have done,
maintain their Posts, they scorn to fly
no means 'twixt Death and Victory.

On a Patient man.
little heats that others to disturb,
him are but diversion, or a Curb
to hamper Anger, and digest
Ferments of his quiet breast:
effects of Pasion in another,
to such, to learn them how to smother;
Unquietness which once confin'd,
quiet settles in the mind.

On a just man.
the threats or favours of a Crown
ch mans whisper, or a Proud mans Frown,
Pomps, and Pleasures that do wait
Places and Affairs of State,



Can frighten or allure that seled mind,
Which to strict Justice firmly is inclin'd.
No like a Rock he bravely steems the Tides,
And in the midst of Danger safe abides.

On a Faithfull man.

Give me the man on whom you may depend
Who will not leave you till your Journeys end,
Who faithfully dare serve you, whilst he may
Let Death or Danger, or the Devil say nay,
To whom with confidence, you may impart
The very utmost Secrets of your heart,
Thrice happy they, who of such Friends have store
They have enough, they need not wish for more.

On a Charitable Man

Faith, Hope, and Charity, are three great things
To help us forward to the King of Kings,
They all are needfull, yet of all the three
The greatest is the Grace of Charity,
And by the Apostle as it is exprest,
It seems to be the glory of all the rest,
If so, then Charitable men may doubtless claim
Then other men a more Illustrious name.

Application to my Masters.

MY Faith is such, that I believe of you
What these my Verses offer to your view,
I think you Prudent, Pious, Learned, Stout,
Patient, Just, Faithfull, I make no doubt

The EPILOGUE.

Masters, believe me, I have writt enough,
And too much too, unless 'twas better stuff.
But as it is, accept it in good part,
And Major will rejoyce with all his heart.

And this I promise you if ere I do
Commence a POET Ple be kind to yo you.
But till such time I hope you'll be so kind,
To give me what I want, you know my mind.

You'r Charitable too, which if I find
All things succeed according to my mind,
But if you make me a Lyer, now I swear
I shall not dare to Write another year.

On the Times.

VVhat means this Clutter? did you ever see
Such great Canary-Birds take wings and flee?
What Peters too? the Devil's in the Dice,
He that would make of us a Sacrifice,
Himself is packt away, a pretty Tool
(And as the Proverb says,) more Knave than Fool,
The Plots discover'd, and the Blade (if caught)
We need not doubt will surely goe to pot.

On the Princis's Army.

MArch on, brave Prince, O let thy Troops March on
Ther's none to oppose the day is clearly won,
March on, brave Prince, and let no time be lost
Thy Foes have felt thy Courage to their cost.
See with what eager, and submissive Feet
All Real Protestants his Highness greet,
He comes they cry, our Laws he will restore
And keep us from all Popish Force and Power.

On Popish Intrigues.

VVhat are your Measures countermind? and how?
Would not the English to your Idols bow?
Would they not stoop to abolish Tests and Laws?
Or like dull Cowards tamely yield their Cause?
One would have thought the Jesuite Crew,
Could have outwitted Men and Devils too;
But now their Policies are overcome,
The Hereticks have been too hard for Rome.

Farewell to Popery.

Farewell, unholy holyness, farewell,
Thou Seed of Lucifer, and Spawn of Hell,
Pack up thy Trinkets go, and come no more
This Land hath had too much of thee before,
We likewise felt thy kindness now of late,
Which was to Ruine both our Church and State;
But see how Providence hath turn'd the Dice,
You ran the Race but we have got the Price.

To the Weavers.

Masters, ith' midst of Plenty ne're be poore
Of Orange colour'd Ribbon make good store,
You need not fear the Vent, you need not fear
But every man would fain his Colours wear,
All hands to work, that thing no Drug can be
That shews you what hath Banisht Popery,
And while you work, you merrily may sing
'Twas Orange, Orange only did the thing.

On my self.

VVhen I am Drinking, Wife to the Ale-House
And like a Devil fires all her Bombs,
I simply on her Arm perhaps lay hold
And cry O do not, prethee do not scold
A douze oth' Chaps, or out thou Drunken Cur,
Is all the answer I can have from her;
I must go with her, let who will say nay,
If She commands I dare not disobey.

My Wives Answer.

Coxcomb tell true, did I ere fetch you home,
Unless your self commanded me to come
Did I ere Scold, or call you Drunken Whelp
This is a Devilish Lye so God me help,
Faith Masters, I say you'r as bad as he
If you believe him when he rails at me,
He knows 'tis false yet hath the Brazen-Face,
To Publish Lies to bring me to disgrace.